

University New Honour Roll Unveiled At Memorial Service

Unveiling by President Wallace is Feature of Impressive Ceremony in Convocation Hall Last Sunday—C.O.T.C., Girl Guides and Naval Reserves Present

The Roll of Honour, comprising the names of University men who served their country during the years 1914-1918, was unveiled by President Wallace last Sunday morning during the annual Memorial Service held in Convocation Hall. The congregation included the Canadian Officers Training Corps, a troupe of girl guides, and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Following the stately and impressive ceremony of the entrance of the members of the faculty the service was opened by the singing of "O Canada". Dr. Wallace then offered a prayer for the congregation, asking that the spirit that led those for whose sake the service was being held to sacrifice their all for liberty, should pervade all members of the institution.

At eleven o'clock, immediately following an organ solo of the magnificent "Requiem Aeternam," a deep hush fell over the whole congregation. For two solemn minutes the assembly stood with bowed heads, while thoughts flew back to the days when after four long years of war, peace was again restored. Then faintly the organ was heard, whispering softly and calmly; gradually the music swelled, and finally there burst out the first bars of a rich hymn: "Thy kingdom come! on bended knee."

The singing of this sacred lyric was followed by the unveiling of the Active Service Honour Roll by Dr.

Wallace. Mentioning the fact that the recently completed honour roll gave the mere names of those who served in the war from student body, from faculty, and from assisting staffs, without their ranks, degrees, or distinctions, he pointed out in an eloquent manner that the names alone would live forever. This new reminder of the sacrifices paid during the war, he concluded will give to us all an ideal of service to carry with us, "till man shall understand man and nation shall understand nation".

According to custom for the annual Memorial Service, the Largo from Dvorak's "The New World Symphony" was given on the organ, after which, and the singing of "God Save the King," the service was concluded with the Recessional "Polonaise Militaire".

Mr. L. H. Nichols, as usual, played the organ. The choir greatly increased the beauty of the service, singing an Anthem in memory of the brave and the chorus, "And Did Those Feet in Ancient Time."

ORGAN RECITAL

The programme for the Vesper Organ Recital No. 3, to be held in Convocation Hall, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 4:30 p.m., will be as follows:

In the Morning (Grieg). Sonata in C Minor (Rheinberger). Vocal Solo (Selected), Miss Violet Cummings. A Vesper Prayer (Roland Diggle). Andante from Grande Piece Symphonique (Cesar Franck).

ENGINEER IS MAN OF GREAT VISION

Dr. Wallace at Engineer's Banquet Praises Members of Science Faculty

"The Engineers—they are the men who will construct the province. They, and they alone, build for the future on a solid foundation of facts, clear and cool and calculating, yet ever with a vision before them. That is the mark of the truly great engineer, that he is a man of vision, yet one that is never swept away in the torrent of foolish enthusiasm that so frequently arises over the prospects of the future." To the hundred and twenty-five members of the Engineering Society who heard Dr. Wallace speak at the annual banquet held in the Macdonald there came a new realization of the greatness of their chosen profession.

The banquet, the eighth of its kind and the largest on record as regards attendance, went over as its predecessors had done—big. The novelty of the printed programs spoke well for the ingenuity of some unknown artist in our midst. As to the cats, suffice to say that they were served in the Macdonald's customary style. Ne plus ultra—not as one Freshman translated it, "nothing need be said," but rather "just like mother used to."

After a toast to the King had been drunk, and the Engineers' orchestra had played a selection, Dave Ross rose to propose the toast to the University. In a few well chosen remarks he outlined the growth of the institution in the last eighteen years and introduced to those who were especially ignorant the new President, Dr. Wallace. The toast was replied to in fitting manner by Dr. Wallace. He praised the high purpose of those who had chosen this field of work to be their profession. Never before had there been such a need for trained men to think constructively as there is today. It is the engineers who must build for the future. Build wisely, and with due regard to a foundation of facts, yet never losing sight of the vision for the times ahead. Engineers, to be great, must be men of unusually clear insight as regards the future. Dr. Wallace concluded his reply to the toast amid thunderous applause.

Mr. Haddow, on behalf of the A.P.E.S., gave greeting to the Society.

Not that the association to which he belonged was the long-sought for missing link, but rather a fortunate choice of initials gave them the simian cognomen. Referring to a remark made by a former speaker, who admitted that Engineers as a group were loath to speak in public, he said that it was unfortunately too true. However, the younger generation were rectifying this oversight. Engineers in the past had been more or less lacking in organization. This was another failing that he was glad to say serious efforts were being made to correct.

The skit presented by the Fourth Year Troughs was true to the experience of many a budding civil engineer on his survey work. Scotty Neill, as rodman, displayed a depth of dumbness which his conferees had never thought he was capable of. But it just goes to show you never can tell. Crayton Litster, with the transit, used the gestures, though not the language, of the profession.

In his customary modest manner, P. D. McArthur proposed the toast to "Our Professors." As he said, it isn't always an easy or an expedient thing to tell a man exactly what you think of him. But in all fairness to P.D., he did remarkably well.

In his reply, Dr. Walker hinted that he entertained certain suspicions about connections existing between the nice things he had just heard spoken and the impending junior tests. He, however, would not think of entertaining these. Professors, he knew, were a frequently misunderstood species of genus homo. But, after all, they were human beings. They might seem over serious, but in the main that was due to the rush caused by the limited time in which they must perform their duties.

One of the most highly amusing entertainments of the evening was that put on by the Fifth Year Highbrows. It was in the nature of an experiment on the "Seeductivity of Jazz Garters." After elaborate and accurate experiments a formula was found in which distance was the only variable.

The meeting concluded with the singing of "O Canada."

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE NEW PLANT PATHOLOGY BUILDING?

E. Gibbs, Arts '30, and D. B. MacKenzie, B.A., Law '30: We are going to wait until we "live a little longer and learn a little more."

H. N. May, Ag. '32: An admirable project; but I should like to hear a little more of the financial side of the business in order to fully decide whether it is practical or not.

Helen Saunders, Arts '29: I think it like an overgrown Colonial Mansion—it doesn't fit in.

Emrys M. Jones, Arts '31: At first glance I thought it was a boarding house.

Alice Joyce, Med. '31: It needs its face lifted.

Arthur Paul, Ag. '30: I believe it is suitably located. It affords an excellent view of Pembina, which, no doubt, will induce many students to specialize in Plant Pathology.

T. V. Newlove, Arts '30: The location is rotten.

Jeannette MacIntyre, Arts '32: Why not red to match the rest?

G. E. Brown, Arts '30: The building may be very well suited to its purpose, but cannot be considered as a worthwhile addition to the campus from the architectural standpoint.

J. M. Butler, Com. '30: In the interests of scientific investigation—a stride towards the goal. In the interests of campus beauty?—

Walf. Koerber, Sci. '31: The laboratory is all right, but why not reserve this advantageous location for another residence building?

Another Trophy



The Hardy Cup, which reposes within our halls as a result of the efforts of our winning rugby team, which won the inter-university championship with a clean sweep of four games.

RHODES SCHOLAR TO BE APPOINTED SOON

Scholarship is the Result of Cecil Rhodes' Great Vision of Empire

To be truly great a man must have a vision of some purpose. To some this vision may shape itself to a selfish desire to advance oneself, either in wealth or power, over less fortunate fellow beings. Through-out history it would seem that in almost every case the vision has tended to be a personal one. But we will deal with one of the isolated cases.

An owner and operator of diamond mines at Kimberley in South Africa, while he was still in his twenties, had a vision. In truth he had many. He saw a British territory in Africa that stretched from the Cape to Cairo. He saw the advancement of the British Empire in other parts of the world. He was not thinking of himself—he was dreaming of Empire. That man was Cecil Rhodes.

Foreseeing the developments that must follow in the years to come, he realized Britain's need for men to step forward and assume leadership as needed. Therefore, since at that time there was no special arrangement whereby efforts could be carried on to maintain the supply of well and suitably trained minds, he evolved a system of scholarships to gather in Oxford the brightest and most promising youths from every state or province in the English-speaking world.

The Scholarship for this province, bearing the name of its illustrious founder, will be awarded in about a month's time. Applicants are chosen with the greatest care by a Committee of Selection, which has been appointed in London, England; and is headed by the Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Rhodes in his will very explicitly defined the type of student that he wished to see nominated to the Scholarships.

He desired men, not bookworms. He himself had taken time from his business labours to attend Oxford, not for the sake of any degree which he might win, but to broaden his mind and to make himself a better man. That the Scholars might have the vision essential for leadership he desired them to have interests much wider than the work in which they were actually engaged. But to him leadership was much more than intellectual; it was moral. Therefore he desired his men to possess a kindly and sympathetic outlook on life. He wanted neither the mere "mixer" nor the dilettante because they would not make real leaders.

A moderate participation in field sports he also specified, because no man can be a leader without being

strong in body as well as in mind. He wanted the best man for the world's fight, and the best man to work with and inspire others. Unfortunately, some Selection Committees interpreted this to mean the prize athlete; which caused the Trustees to issue further instructions advising the committees that outstanding ability in athletics was not to be regarded as equal to outstanding ability of mind or character.

Applicants must be between the ages of nineteen and twenty-four. The trustees have recently advised the Committees that the ideal candidate is midway between the age limits, because many men have gone over who were too old to fit well in the life of the Oxford colleges.

The value of the Scholarship is \$400 a year. As this is hardly sufficient to meet the needs of the Scholar during the term time and vacations, the Trustees advise Scholars to arrange to supplement this to the extent of \$25 or \$50 per annum. The successful candidate, who will shortly be known, will enter residence at Oxford next October.

Most Scholars have sufficient academic standing to enable them to take degrees in two years. Therefore the Trustees have in the last few years made the third year conditional upon the desire of the Scholar and the recommendation of the authorities at Oxford.

It was a great vision that Cecil Rhodes saw, and the results are encouraging. Throughout the years that the Scholarships have been awarded, the standard of achievement of those holding them has rated high in comparison with the other students at Oxford. Doubtless, as the standards set forth by Mr. Rhodes are better understood and interpreted, the standard of ability and achievement will increase. As the oldest Rhodes Scholars entered Oxford only twenty-four years ago, we may say that the system is only half worked out. Another generation will be needed to show the full possibilities of the Trust.

NOTICE

An important meeting of the Men's Swimming Club will be held in Arts 212, on Friday, November 16, at 4:30 p.m. The members of the club are all specially requested to be present as the business consists of the organization of the club, election of officers and general policy for the year.

Coach Jimmy Crockett will also give a short talk to all the swimmers on swimming in general.

Everyone be there, as we need your vote.

Rousing Reception Given To Winners Of The Hardy Cup

Hundreds of Students Give Wild Demonstration at C.N.R. Depot, After Which Big Parade Conducts Team Back to Varsity—Yells, Cheers, Speeches

"The C.N.R. station at 10:30" was a veritable bellow. Heaven knows what became of the team; I only know that we yelled until our vocal cords resembled worn-out violin strings. It was only fitting that the speech of the evening should be given by a law student; in fact, he gave several, but the one delivered behind Pembina was admittedly his masterpiece. With a little assistance from the cheerleaders, he managed to keep himself in a state of unstable equilibrium on the topmost point of a decrepit truck. From this point of vantage he held forth in true Ciceronian style, save for a slight huskiness of voice and minor mispronunciations. Anyway, we learned that he had been "a member of this instutooshun for seven years, and had made a first class in history." He was finally assisted from the stage, and the fun was over for the time being. By the way, who was the law student? What an unnecessary question. If you are a Senior, you know him. If you are a Freshman (or Freshette) it would grieve me to so rudely shatter your youthful ideals.

Eventually the mob dispersed. The rugby team extricated itself from the crowd of admirers, feminine and otherwise, and resorted to Dr. McEachran's suite in Assiniboia Hall. Here a large number of faculty members were gathered in honor of the champions. Dr. Wallace congratulated the team, and expressed his delight at their victory; tea and cake were passed around and a pleasant social hour spent. The remainder of the gathering gradually melted away; some to stagger home in a state of solitary exaltation, others in couples; still others to bore their friends with tales of past rugby exploits.

Altogether the reception was a huge success, and the boys certainly deserved it. They have brought us fame and the Hardy Cup, and it is well that we have in some slight measure shown our appreciation.

Did You See—?

Eddie Grant taking his tri-weekly siesta in a Physics 6 lecture. George McDougall wearing a smile of supreme satisfaction one day last week. Isabel Kippen bucking the line at the post-office. Fred Stirling arriving back at the University for a few days after an extended visit home. Ivan Sheppy trying to get into his C.O.T.C. uniform. Ruth Bowen taking a roller-coaster ride on the hill near the radio station after the dance Saturday night. Brock Duncan accordingly acting the gallant cavalier. Gus Runge having his picture taken at the train Friday afternoon. Jean Munro leaving to go skating Sunday afternoon. Fred Hess smashing C.N.R. windows on Friday afternoon before leaving town. Ruth Cushing at church on Sunday. Ivan McLaren doing the rush act between The Gateway office and the C.P.R. telegraph office Monday. Bruce Bell working diligently in the drawing lab. last week. Ethel Barnett and somebody else parked in the Tuck Saturday evening.

A PROTEST

The Gateway cannot pass over unrebuked the false and insolent statements made by members of the City Council at their last meeting, which statements were given prominence in both daily newspapers on Wednesday. At this meeting of the all-wise, the city seers agreed generally that the students had not obtained police permission for the recent snake dance, that "the practices of the students were a relic of barbarism, and resulted in great humiliation to both the students and the parents," that "if this was the kind of culture taught, the University was in a bad way," "That the 'practices were against sense and common decency," and that our President be asked to ban hazing as it had been banned at the University of Manitoba.

As we have said before, The Gateway holds absolutely no brief for indecent rowdiness. But:

Firstly: The aldermen of the Edmonton Council to the contrary notwithstanding, the President of the Sophomore Class did secure permission from the Chief of Police to hold the annual snake dance.

Secondly: "The disgraceful incident in a local theatre" during theatre night was not perpetrated by Varsity students.

Thirdly: We defy anyone to find ten students in the University of Alberta who find themselves or their parents humiliated by our "barbarous practices."

Fourthly: "The kind of culture taught at the University of Alberta" has made that University one of the finest in North America.

Fifthly: Our University initiation will never be banned by the petulant diatribes of the City Council.

Sixthly: We take indignation exception to the leader in an Edmonton daily—"Hazing, street parades, and other forms of rowdiness practiced at the University of Alberta"—as being a gross, though childish, implication that our University is an institution devoted solely to the immoralities of "hazing, street parades and other forms of rowdiness."

We regret very much, too, the opinion so prevalent among the citizens of Edmonton that the University is the home of a wild gang of immoral hoodlums, and we protest the judgment which condemns fifteen hundred sober, hard-working students because of the occasional actions of a few of their number. We feel that the fact that the University is the greatest progressive force in the province, that it turns out annually over a hundred highly trained leaders in the various professions, and that it spends a million dollars in Edmonton every year, should entitle it to something beside insults.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

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THE ACTIVE SERVICE HONOUR ROLL

Four of the spaces left by the builders on the walls of the antechamber to Convocation Hall have lately been filled with a list of names. A mere list of names, one following another in alphabetical order, no distinction being made between the third and the fourth or between the twenty-third and the twenty-fourth. This list has been so placed in honour of the noble men from this institution who served in the war of 1914-1918.

A bronze tablet erected in 1925 gives the names of those who lost their lives for the cause of freedom and honour; today we have a record of all those that were willing to do so. It was just, undoubtedly, that the first honours should be paid to the dead; but let us not forget the part played by those that were willing to die. Just as it was wise and noble, in recognition of the fact that every man risked his all, to set up the roll without making any distinction between assistants, students and professors, between the wearers of the black gown and the wearers of the purple and green and scarlet, between those who lead and those who follow, between those who were awarded for bravery and those whose courage passed unnoticed; so was it wise and noble to make no distinction on the roll between those who fell and those who escaped death.

The bronze tablet has stood for a symbol to us, with its long list of names, over every one of which a thousand tears have fallen, silently, urging us ever to do our utmost to put an end to war. The other tablets stand now, with their longer list of names, each one call up in us a remembrance of glorious self-sacrifice, silently demanding that if ever such need be again we shall as willingly do battle against what we hold to be evil.

THE COURTESY OF WOMEN

As we jotted down the title of this editorial, a young lady, leaning over our chair, took our pen and added to what we had written these words, "—If Any."

In a recent issue of this paper a student wrote an indignant letter to the editor, in which he complained about the selfishness of some co-eds who insouciantly blocked the passage of other students who were in a greater hurry than they. Another student has been heard to bewail the overbearing manner of co-eds boarding street-cars at the bridge. He was standing on the narrow platform with his lady love. When the car stopped he drew aside to give a covey of co-eds all possible room; but they crowded by and pushed him right off the platform and carried his lady away in their mad rush for seats.

There are the co-eds who take their own sweet time in leaving their classrooms. They will loiter at their seats, or stop to gossip in the very doorway while polite male classmates stand aside, impatient to follow them out. There are the co-eds who keep their escorts waiting too long at dances, while they spend a quarter or half-hour in conversation with their friends in the cloak room. A gentleman always holds a door for a lady; some co-eds let it slam in a gentleman's face. Gentlemen walking side by side shift into single file to let a lady pass; some co-eds continue to walk side by side, five abreast, arms tightly locked, and the gentleman must take the wall. Sometimes a gentleman has to make all the conversation with his dancing partner, while she dances on grimly and silently, as if dancing were a chore.

An important point of etiquette has it that when a gentleman meets a lady of his acquaintance on the street he must wait for a sign of recognition before he greets her. Some co-eds do not seem to know this. It is rather awkward for a man on espying a fair (or an unfair) friend approaching in the distance, to have to stare at her in anticipation, without appearing to stare, to have his arm nervously ready to dart to his hat, to meet her and encounter only a dumb and bewildered gaze, and to pass on not knowing whether he should have spoken or not.

Another student said recently that he was thankful for his acquaintance with a dear little old lady, who exercised impartially all the graces of courtesy, claiming that she made up for all the lack of consideration shown by flappers. This would lead us to think that girls of her generation learned many things that are sadly lacking in the curricula of modern girls.

Courtesy is a quality not for men alone. It tends to cover a multitude of faults, and women, as well as men, can profit by a little concealment.

It would be wrong to say that all co-eds are discourteous; but there are enough discourteous ones among them, it seems, to encourage any dealer in generalities to condemn them all.

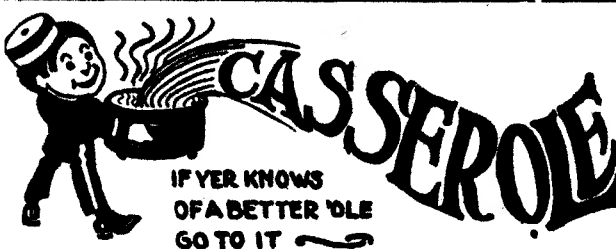
The most that may be said, perhaps, is that women are less considerate of men than men are of women.

We dislike the word "women," but "ladies" is not inclusive enough.

—E. M. J.

SOUVENIR HOUNDS

Attention must once more be called, unfortunately, to that group of souvenir-hunting irresponsible ones who persist in their childish depredations after, or near the close of, each major function in Athabaska Hall. After the recent Sophomore Reception a number of decorations borrowed for the occasion from overtown companies were taken by these



Dorothy Dix, the nationally famous feminist, asks this question: "If drinking and smoking and petting do not make a girl wild, what does?"
 Why, Miss Dix, not drinking and not smoking and not petting. We're surprised at you.

Harold Bell Wright, the original forty-redskins-bit-the-dust man, is responsible for the statement that many a girl who apparently takes a pull at her escort's flask merely touches the bottle with her lips.
 That may be. But we never had such luck.

"Frankly, I believe in the power of Education."—E. Haldeman Julius.
 Just what does he mean?

"You certainly have a trim little waist," I said, as she put on her hat. But she turned me aside and quickly replied: "You're right—there's no getting 'round that."

"What kind of a man is your fiancé?"
 "Oh, when he puts his arms around my neck and presses, strange thrills run up and down my spine."
 "Oh, I see—a chiropractor."

Librarian (to student under the table: "What are you looking for?"
 Student: "I'm looking for my lollipop."
 Librarian: "Well, you won't find her there."

People we all know:
 The man who refuses to take your last cigarette.
 The girl who laughs loudest in French class to show that she understands the prof's jokes.
 Engineers.
 The girls who glare at us when we keep our seat in a street-car.
 The man who removes his hat in an elevator.

Dyer: "I understand Wyld has at last struck pay dirt."

Ryer: "Yes; he has produced a successful sex drama."

Frosh: "Do you believe in marriage?"
 Soph: "Only as a last resort."

College Man (using phone): "Give me twenty-two twenty-two."

Central: "2222?"
 "Yes, hurry up. I'll play train with you afterward."

Heard at the Saturday Nite:
 Co-ed: "Shall we waltz?"
 Soph: "It's all the same to me."
 Co-ed: "Yes, I've noticed that."

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen! I long to hold you in my arms, to caress you, to kiss your eyes, your hair, your lips—to whisper in your ear, 'I love you!'"
 "Well, I guess it can be arranged."

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
 "No, my darling daughter. Keep your clothes on your hickory limb, Then nobody'll know you've got her."

"By Their Deeds . . ."
 Mamie: "I went out with a collitch feller last night."

Mazie: "Yeh? Didja hafta pay the cover charge?"
 "Naw."
 "Did he go batty on two sniffs of juniper juice?"
 "Nix."

"Did he get throwed off the floor for indecent dancing?"
 "Nope."
 "Did he run out of gas thirty miles from nowhere?"
 "No."

"Well say, kid—that wasn't no collitch feller."

Old Gentleman (who has collided violently with a young man): "I beg your pardon, sir."
 Young Man: "Entirely my fault, sir."
 "Then why the devil don't you look where you're going?"

She (after proposal): "Oh, Jim, I can't marry you—I—I—I'm not good enough for you!"
 He (dejectedly): "Aw, hell—just my luck!"

The minister's daughter returned from a dance at three o'clock. Her father greeted her sternly.
 "Good morning, child of the devil."
 Respectfully and demurely, she replied: "Good morning, father."

First Student: "That girl you've started going with is a smart little gold-digger."
 Second Pauper: "Yes, but she's a damn poor geologist."

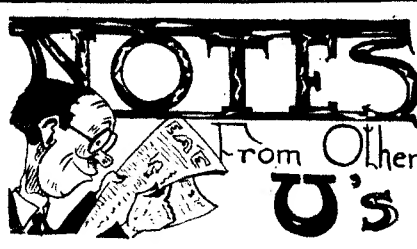
Teacher—What will become of a child who always clings to his mother's skirts?
 Bright Pupil—He may become a trapeze artist.

Although there are many diseases prevalent in the country, by far the commonest is high-blond pressure.

enthusiasts, and which must be paid for out of the class funds unless they are returned by the culpable ones.

It has also been brought to our notice that certain students, well known in the University, secured entrance to the Reception free of charge, by telling the doorkeeper they "just wanted to see someone inside."

Such petty dishonesty in University students is almost incredible.



Evidently some universities might do well to add a course in Geography to their list. We were addressed by the Chicago Normalite as follows:

"The Gateway, University of Alberta, Montreal, Canada."

But they were even closer than the Exchange Editor of The Hornet, Furman University, S.C., who states: "Dr. R. C. Wallace has recently accepted the presidency of Alberta University, Alberta, D.C."

London, England (I.P.).—Professor A. F. Hill, of University College here, has made experiments on athletes which show that when a man runs 100 yards in 10% seconds he expends as much energy as if he were to jump 650 feet into the air—almost twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The good die young, they say, but to die good nowadays, one must die very, very young.—The Brunswickian.

The debating team representing the National Federation of Canadian University Students, and composed of Bernard Alexander and Melvin Kenny of Toronto, scored their sixth victory in seven debates on Saturday last at Manchester. They upheld the negative of the resolution, "Resolved that toy soldiers are a menace to childhood." To date their sole conqueror has been Bristol University. They are now proceeding to Scotland and will complete their tour when they return to Cambridge.—Queen's University Journal.

There was one recorded for the book at the Stadium on Wednesday afternoon. After having his kick blocked, Red Gilmore recovered the ball and sent it winging its way toward the opposing goal line.—Queen's Journal.

New York.—Commenting on the fact that everyone is advising the government to keep out of business, Will Rogers called attention to the fact that the Navy football team played before 125,000 people in Chicago, and suggested that such was not bad business for any government. "I propose," he said, "that they keep the Navy playing every Saturday the year round and buy their own battle-ships."—Intercollegiate Press.

Football teams at the University of Wisconsin are now wearing head-gears and hose to match, both being flaming scarlet in colour.—Toronto Varsity.

A Suggestion for Chem I
 Probably the most popular class expedition on record was the visit paid by the Industrial Chemistry class to the local brewery. One hundred per cent. attendance was recorded. The students showed keen interest in all the processes and exceptional interest in the free samples. Particular attention was attracted by an air purifying machine.—Queen's University Journal.

Professor—What's an anachronism?

Student—Something out of date.
 Professor—Give an example?
 Student—Student government.
 —Queen's University Journal.

Washington, D.C. (I.P.).—A number of interesting facts about American colleges and universities are revealed in the 1927 edition of the Educational Directory of the United States Bureau of Education. Here are some of them:

Columbia University, at New York, is the largest university or college in the country, with 35,000 students and 1,500 teachers.

Buena Vista college at Storm Lake, Iowa, is the smallest college in the country, with 21 students and a faculty of 16 teachers.

Harvard is the oldest university, having been established in 1636. William and Mary College and Yale University come second and third, having been established in 1693 and 1701 respectively.

Harvard boasts of a 32 million dollar investment, the largest in the country, while Oberlin College in Ohio has the largest endowment—\$11,000,000—of any college as such.

In Canada, the Universities of Montreal, Toronto, and Laval are the largest educational institutions of the collegiate nature, having between five and six thousand students each.

Oxford Debaters Win

While a Canadian team of debaters from McGill and Toronto Varsity are very successfully debating against the best colleges in the Old Country, an Oxford University team is carrying on the fight on this side of the water, and recently defeated Columbia University, holding the affirmative of the question, "Resolved that America should join the League of Nations." The debate was held in New York City, the decision being made by popular acclaim of the audience.

The three Oxonians, who hail from Brereton, Balliol and Christ Colleges, pointed to financial interest of the United States as a major reason for her joining the League.—McGill Daily.

A miss is as good
 As a mile, "folks say";
 I am glad I am not
 As wise as they,
 As I wonder the ways
 Of woe and bliss,
 You may have the mile—
 And I'll take the miss.
 —Star Weekly.

GEORGIAN

STYLE FOOTWEAR

Good footwear, properly fitted, not only feels better, but wears better and looks better.

GEORGINA footwear holds its beauty of shape, supports your foot firmly, and protects your hosiery.

Walk-Rite

BOOTERY

Main Floor
10125 101st Street

"DORCAS" in black kid with black suede cutout front panel, also in patent.

"CORINNE" in black patent, also mocha calf.

"ANITA", one of several Oxford and tie patterns, in medium and low heels.

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Viceroy

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"By Their Hands You Shall Know Them"

ARTICLE I.

THE SHAPE OF THE HAND AND WHAT IT SIGNIFIES

By merely glancing at your hand I can read your character, tell you whether you are going to live a long life, be successful, married, rich or happy. This all sounds very simple and just like a fairy story. Well, it is simple. Read this article and the ones to follow, and you will agree with me.

Many years ago I was at an afternoon tea, one of these delightful pink teas which everyone looks forward to so eagerly. A young lady, in order to amuse her fellow sufferers, consented to read their palms. I listened for awhile, but was thoroughly disgusted, and finally left the room. Everyone's fortune was practically the same.

"Oh! my dear, what a lovely hand you've got! What a delightful heart line! Let me see! You should live a long life—you love music, etc."

It sounded so foolish, but yet it started me thinking. Perhaps people who really studied the art did not read hands in that manner. I decided to read some books on the subject and form some unprejudiced opinions.

That evening I went to the public library and brought home several volumes on Palmistry. It was intensely interesting and the subject fascinated me. I procured other books on the subject and began practising on my friends, not as the lady at the pink tea, but earnestly and sincerely. I began to realize that there was more in Palmistry than people really thought, and the more hands I read, the more interested I became.

Just think! Everyone carries around in his hand the story of his life, past, present and future; his character, his likes and dislikes, his failures and his successes. For locked up in the tiny lines traced over the palm is the destiny of man, whether he wishes it or not.

There are two main branches to Palmistry: chiromnomy and chiromancy.

Chiromnomy studies the shape of the hand and fingers in general. Chiromancy deals with the lines in the hand.

Types of Hands

In this article I am going to attempt to tell you a little concerning the different types of hands. There are five main types: the square, the spatulate, the philosophic, the artistic, and the idealistic hand.

The square hand, as the name indicates, has a square palm. The

hand as a whole is straight and very even, especially at the wrist, the base of the fingers and the sides. Look at your hand and see if it is this shape. If it is you are a fine type, and one whom anyone should be pleased to have as a friend. Yours is the useful hand, and you are not afraid to use it. You are a serious worker and very methodical in all that you do. People will try to enforce their views on you. You will listen to them, but accept them or reject them as you see fit. People say that you are religious, but your religion is more from habit. If you have a square hand you should make a success in business.

Next I want to tell you a little about the spatulate hand. This type of hand is very easy to recognize, because the tips of the fingers look like spatulas. It means that you are a very active individual, and full of untiring energy. You are original, inventive, usually unconventional and emotional. This is the athlete's hand.

The Philosophic Hand

But you say, "My hand is neither square nor have I spatulate fingers." Look at your hand again. It may be what we call the philosophic hand. It is very easily recognized, as the nails are long and the joints knotty. The hand itself is often long and bony, but this is not always the case, as I have seen many philosophic hands that were short. The man or woman who has philosophic hands is usually lonely. They love working by themselves and are deep thinkers. At Varsity, for instance, he will be found doing research work, but not always at the Philosophic Society. He works alone for hours at a stretch. Usually, scientists, mathematicians and ministers have this type of hand, and anyone else who loves very detailed studies. People with philosophic hands are often found in church life or associated with religious movements.

If you are a woman you will probably be endowed with the artistic or idealistic hands. The artistic hand is graceful with fingers tapering to a point. The owner is artistic and loves everything that is beautiful. She has one fault. She is inclined to be lazy, because she does not want to ruin her pretty hands.

Lastly we have the idealistic hand. This is the most beautiful hand that God has made. It is long, delicate, with slender fingers and pointed nails. The individual who possesses this hand is not practical. She was never made for work. She is idealistic in the extreme. Her life is visionary and dreamy. It is poetic, not real.

Now if you want a little fun look closely at the shape of your friends' hands. Are they square, spatulate, long and bony with knotty joints, graceful with tapering fingers, or long with slender fingers? It is interesting to know what type your friend is. Just look at his or her hands.

Watch for the next article describing the heart and marriage lines.

—M. C.

Birmingham, Ala.—Night football games have coaches busy thinking up new tricks. Chester Dillon, of Howard College, says that for after-dinner contests his Bulldogs will go forth in white jerseys, white stockings and whitewashed football pants. This, Dillon holds, will make it easier for the players to see each other under calcium lighting.—Inter-collegiate Press.

There was a young Grecian from Greece,
Whose trousers were bags without crease.
He said, "What do I care, if the clothes that I wear
Are not worn thru at the knee?"
—The Hornet.

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High Shots and Backfires

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)

The Engineers' Banquet was a pronounced success. On Saturday morning, in Physics 3, Dean Boyle, observing that "morning after" aspect, declared the humidity to be much higher than usual. We could only agree.

Putt! Putt! Putt! Now they're telling one on George "Motorcycle" Story. It seems that Mr. Story discovered a large fly in his raisin pie at the Tuck, and, taking it to Mabel, demanded a raisin in exchange. Putt! Putt! Bang!

They claim that this column is nearly in the same class as Casserole and Hodge Podge (Edmonton newspaper "humor" column). We indignantly refuse to be placed so low. The following is the nearest we will ever descend to their level:

Noel (Reverend) Iles wishes to know whether B.V.—is the rate of change of (?)

All engineers, having a compulsory liking for mathematics and a volun-

The PIG'S EYE



Fifteen years ago in the town hall of a small Ontario town we were exposed to our first "talking movies." Time has dimmed our memory in regard to how the miracle was achieved, but we are inclined to think that it was a by a system of gramophone records behind the screen. The contrast of this performance with the more general "temperance" lectures in which the lecturer boiled eggs with an alcohol flame to show what happened to the followers of Bacchus was sufficient to leave at least a trace in an otherwise un-Pelmanized mind. But, unfortunately, only a trace.

Regrettable as this may seem it at least prevents us from a comparison with the present day "talkies." In fact, there is really no basis for any kind of a comparison. The Movie-tone, Vitaphone, or any kindred system of reproduction of picture and sound is entirely different from any form of drama or pantomime yet produced. The effect is striking and weird and certainly not unpleasant. Yet the difficulty of giving body to the shadowy figures on the screen is intensified rather than diminished by the sound of their voices. We came away from our first "hearing" in a very peculiar state of mind. We weren't quite sure whether we'd seen or heard.

While we have no intention of making any predictions as to the success of the venture, we do think that in news reels and "movie vaudeville," for we can't call it anything else, the talking pictures will be a godsend to the small town shows. Of the "feature" pictures we cannot say. The musical score can be used in a capacity as never before imagined, but the dialogue will either have to be continuous or simply take the place of sub-titles. Just what can be done with this new child of the leading American industry we cannot say. We look forward with interest to further developments.

Our learned contemporary, "Areoperimeter," has included in his column some lines which he mistakes for verse. While we laud the interest he shows in undergraduate rhymesters, we cannot wholly concur with him in his appreciation of the sample he quotes. The motive of the poet was no doubt excellent, but his execution we fear has been too long delayed.

Let us consider the stanza line by line. In the opening line he uses the diminutive "Dot." Does he refer to the immortal companion of Dash? Does he intend it for "Dorothy"? Certainly the context does not solve the mystery. Compare this with line from Tennyson's "May Queen" (Hancock's Abridged Version):

"There's many a black, black eye they say,

But none so bright as mine."

We pass over the second line and scan the third. Here the writer has struck the key-note of the whole affair. With this we are heartily in accord. Apparently the budding poet realizes the futility of the whole poem. He shows growing doubt in his own ability which is amply borne out by the completed verse. His defiant utterance in the closing line does not completely remove that doubt from either his own mind or that of his readers. Indeed it intensifies it in ours.

For the benefit of those who languished in the wilderness over the holiday we are happy to announce that Keith-Orpheum is still playing to big houses in the city. The innovation of talking pictures at the Capitol and the Pantages circuit through the Palace has not in the least detracted from the attendance at the Grand. Last week's bill featured one of the smartest dancing acts we have seen for some time and a gag act which was pleasing to both eye and ear. The little lady who accompanied the misfit was particularly cheering.

The dearth of trained seal, juggling and strong-man acts on Orpheum has been very encouraging. A seal always appears to us as a cross between a fish and a fur coat. As for strong-arm stuff, one can see that to perfection at any Saturday night dance. Song and dance will be the ruin of us yet, but we simply can't give it up. As it is, we're saving our pennies for D'oyley Carte. Perhaps that will have a refining influence.

—H. D. S.

tary liking for tea, were delighted to learn that the Math Club was holding its usual meeting last Tuesday. Fables other than those from which the tea was taken were discussed by Professor Campbell.

To quote Dean Boyle once more: "The earth is kept warm by a belt around its middle." Our fathers used to warm us with belts around the middle. This column, good as it is, shows the excellent results obtained.

And, all Engineers being imaginative, we now shows our hands at poetry:

Pretty Anabel Rose,
Sat upon a tack;
Pretty Anabel Rose!
Some more:
Little Tommy Burns,
Takes a shot of hooch;
Little Tommy Burns!

After the Engineers' Banquet, W. I. McFarland has definitely decided against entering the ministry. This may be traced to the fifth year students' skit—we hesitate in naming it—the "Seductivity of Jazz Garters." By the way, Mac, what did you have in your pocket?

—FAGNIP.

The Sow's Ear

(A Column for the Couth)

We saw, and heard, Gordon MacLeod the other evening. Believe it or not, we consider him second only to Robey—in fact, we laughed almost as much at him as at Robey, although his make-up wasn't so funny. We don't like the way he makes love. We have our ideals of romance. We certainly have! And to have these ideals trampled in the dust—by a man who shakes his voice like a jazz whistle when he mentions love, a man who breathes his ardent messages in a voice which makes the bull of Bashan sound like the whispering baritone—Pah! Even from our farthest corner of the second balcony his voice dinned in our ears. But didn't the hoi polloi and the haute bourgeoisie date on it! Loud sobs accompanied each love-bellow.

We must attend the co-education debate. It is a matter of vital importance to the welfare of our institution—I might say our glorious institution. Our loathed contemporary, ever alert to see only the evil in all things, is opposed to co-education. He proclaims that there is desperate need of higher education for men. With him in mind, we heartily agree. What would this University be without women? Heaven help us, is not life here a dismal enough valley of shadows, a vale of tears, a soul-depressing abyss of gloom, even with the presence of those lights of our lives, the co-eds? How could any man bear to enter these halls for lecture after lecture, and not have his heart gladdened by the sight of winsome, vivacious faces, forms full of grace and rhythm, bright little dresses adding a touch of radiance to the gloomy halls? Low and sordid indeed is the man who does not go through the day a better man for having been in contact with these delicate maidenly beings, these spotless Emblems of Purity, these Guardians of our Morals, these Future Builders of our Homes, these Comforts in Affliction, these Believers in the Goodness of Us, these Appealing Blossoms along the Roadside of Life! Wordsworth's heart is touched by a primrose, a rainbow! Our hearts are more than touched by these Primroses, immaculate flowers of our Springtime, by these Rainbows, promises of joy and fair weather in our Tempests of Life. We are willing to leave our contemporary concededly following his blind-worm path of self-satisfaction, sans women, sans joy, sans everything. Bah to him!!!

Our judgment is vindicated by the following testimonial of the appeal of true goodness to the genuine gold of a simple heart.

We print it with pride, and defy our misogynistic contemporary to produce a parallel.

AREOPERIMETER (Ed-in-chief).

University of Alberta.

Editor, The Sow's Ear.
Dear Sir,—Allow me to express to you my delight in reading your column last week. There are many of us aesthetic people who have been sickened by the low moral tone of the "Pig's Eye." In fact, one of my witty friends (really he's a scream) says, "Anybody who can write such horrid things ought to have their work criticized and be put in their place."

Your column, on the other hand, is so elevated and gentlemanly that all of us girls just think it's splendid. You remember the old proverb about making a purse out of a sow's ear. Well, Mr. Editor, maybe you won't make much money from your splendid column, but you show that you can make something really fine and worth while out of it. It must be splendid to really feel that you are able to actually do such things. Remember that us girls are all for you.

—SOPHIE.

TOPIC OF MARRIAGE DEBATED AT LENGTH

Companionate Marriage Voted
Down 57-43—Record
Crowd Present

Before a wide-eyed expectant throng of some two hundred students the subject of companionate marriage was considered from every angle. Now desperately serious, now seasoned with humour, the debate never ceased to be interesting. A notable feature was the presence of a large number of "fair co-eds," several of whom voiced their opinions.

The following is a brief summary: Subject: "Resolved that a system of companionate marriage is preferable to the present system."

Miss L. Sestrap (Leader of the Government): pointed out the disadvantages of the accepted system of marriage and the advantages of the "sophisticated marriage."

Mr. D. Sigler (Leader of the Opposition): "Companionate marriage is marriage by instalments"—he dragged in an inevitable mother-in-law joke.

Miss E. Young (Affirmative): "Sanctity of the home—bah!"—very, very petulant.

Mr. McMillan (Negative), in the best pulpit manner, advocated general nudity. The speaker, P. Friend Day, failed to see its bearing on the subject (and that's no pun).

Mr. R. V. Clarke (A): Strong for companionate marriage.

Mr. W. Hobbs (N): "The existing system is founded on history . . ."

Mr. de la rue Edmonds (A): Compared companionate marriage to Postum—aha! "There's a Reason."

Mr. May (N): This very positive gentleman of experience finally admitted that he is too modest—indeed the shrinking violet.

Mr. Wallace (A): "Uncut toenails wreck marriages"—worthy of Dorothy Dix.

Mr. Sculley (N): Pointed out the difference between the British and American attitudes towards marriage.

Miss Willison (A): "Companionate marriage would tend to reduce disease."

Mr. Maynard (N) prophesied the extinction of the human race—no less—if a system of companionate marriage is adopted.

Mr. Don B. MacKenzie (A): "A Seeker after Truth"—his was a witty speech with a surprise ending.

Mr. Grenier (N) explained to an astonished assembly that in any system of marriage a man and a woman are required—well done, Mr. Grenier! Your discoveries are worthy of a Nobel prize.

Don B. MacKenzie returned battle-scarred.

Mr. Cameron (N) advocated the sanctity of the home.

Mr. J. A. Farrell (A) pointed out that the present code is outworn.

Miss L. Sestrap (A): "Some people prefer to go on an emotional jag rather than think; they should live a little longer, learn a little more."

Nevertheless the sanctity of the home was upheld by a vote of 57 to 43 (so there, Miss Young!).

After a brief speech by Dean Howes, Honorary President of the Debating Society, the subject of "Co-education" was chosen for the next debate.

BATTLES

By Retep N.

The State of Atrebla, in the mighty kingdom of Adanac, was proud in the possession of beautiful maidens, and men strong in war. Its wealth of commerce was fabulous, and its countryside was a vast paradise of rich hills, limpid streams and plains teeming with produce. Yet at the time of this dispatch, which was the year 21 of Yrot, its sons were angry and its daughters were sorrowful, because no great captain had come forth to lead in battle against the factious states which flanked it.

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SPORTS



Meet The Heroes Of The Grid Who Captured The Hardy Cup

Insistent Scribe Wrenches Family Histories From Squad—Alberta's Hall of Fame is Now Complete—Their Names Live For Ever

Hess, Fred: Halfback and captain, weight 170 lbs. Freddie is the best punter in Western Canada—believe it or not; all who have watched his play know it. The number of points he has won this year is mute evidence of his booting ability, as well as his sweet running. That 110-yard run at Manitoba will go down in history. Great stuff, Freddie!

Shandro, Bill: Halfback, weight 165 lbs. Bill got his start at Victoria High School—that's why he's so good. Already a fine player, he made a name for himself by his splendid work at Saskatoon and Winnipeg. Insure your hands for \$1,000,000, Bill. They're valuable!

Timothy, Mickey: Halfback, weight 128 lbs. The personification of greased lightning. This flying lightweight had established a formidable reputation by the time he left for the east, and he certainly lived up to it. Saskatoon saw him at his best on Saturday, when he slipped through the whole Green and White team to cover 60 yards and give Alberta her first touchdown. Edmonton Separate High and the Junior Eskimos certainly trained you well, Mickey!

Hall, Al: Snap, weight 160 lbs. Al learned the game at Strathcona High, and had no difficulty at all in making the senior team in this, his Freshman year. He snaps the ball perfectly, can kick in a pinch, and is a perfect tackler. His ability was very evident at Saskatoon. Keep it up, big boy!

Thompson, Ken: Middle or inside, weight 180 lbs. Ken is as solid as the mountains around his home town, Banff. Serious injuries sustained in the last encounter with the Eskimos failed to keep him out of the game for long. It was the old time Ken who showed the boys from farther east how to play rugby on Saturday and Monday.

Runge, Gus: Halfback or middle,

weight 170 lbs. Gus needs no introduction to followers of true rugby. He is by no means a newcomer to the senior team, and previous to his Varsity days he played for Strathcona High and the old Edmonton Normal. With a reputation established as a strong middle, Gus this year is trying something different, and making a success of it. He is proving to be one of the best halves that Alberta has ever had—and we don't mean maybe. Witness his splendid line plunging in the recent games.

Prittie, Bob: Halfback, weight 160 lbs. Bob is another cripple who just wouldn't stay in the hospital. He injured his leg at Calgary on the Saturday before the big trip, but he determined to go anyway, and as it happened he proved very useful at Winnipeg by relieving Mickey Timothy in the last quarter. Atta boy, Bob! We know you'll be sitting Prittie after the Vancouver games.

McLean, Johnnie: Halfback, weight 165 lbs. Johnnie was unfortunate enough to start out in English rugby, but he has been making up for it ever since. He was too fast for interfac. rugby, so they sent him on to the senior squad. He has been playing a consistent game all year.

Hill, Bobby: Halfback, weight 150 lbs. It was with great joy that Bobby the versatile, last year's captain, was welcomed back to the squad this year. Bobby possesses a cool head, speed, and a bag of tricks—all the requisites of an A1 rugby player. All of these he showed to the wondering folk at Saskatoon. A fitting man to round out any backfield.

O'Brien, Eric: Inside, weight 168 lbs. Eric was the only one of the famous O'Brien trio who was able to make the trip east. But he ably upheld the family name, as many of the enemy will testify. He is a big factor in Varsity's solid line. Evidently Moose Jaw College is a good place to learn rugby!

Barnett, Barney: Middle, weight 175 lbs. Barney is a tower of strength on the Varsity line. He has shown this season a wonderful aptitude for falling on loose balls. Strathcona High trained another famous athlete in Barney. In interfac. and senior rugby he has long been known for his powerful plunging. Vancouver will have to field some line to hold him!

Siebert, Bill: Inside, weight 178 lbs. Bill has an enviable record as a member of the senior rugby squad, and is likewise a neat hoop artist. As a tackler and solid lineman, he's hard to beat. His sole ambition is to make a touch. Watch him do it at Vancouver.

Brown, Bruce: Middle, weight 175 lbs. Another of the valiant Medicals who are not afraid to play rugby. Starting on the Pharmaceut. interfac. winners last year, he proved worthy

of the seniors this year, and has distinguished himself by brilliant line-plunging.

McDougall, Keith: Quarter, weight 172 lbs. Keith has been conserving his voice at the quarter position, but has put all his energy into the game. And he has shown that he knows the way it's done. He made the mistake of learning the American game at Penticton, B.C., but is now quite reconciled to the Alberta style. Keep it up, McDougall!

McCallum, Malcolm: Line half, weight 160 lbs. A medical man who has a ground grounding in the fine arts of the game. Was last year with the seniors and before that in the interfac. league. He can tackle.

Huxley, "Hux": A solid lineman of weight 180 lbs. As sub-snap Hux has shown that he knows his rugby. He comes originally from Calgary, which means that he had to learn the game at Varsity. He shone in interfac. and now is numbered among the heroic winners of the Hardy Cup.

Hutton, Herb: We must not forget this speed merchant, who nails them on the kicks. Herby is 135 lbs. of tackling skill. He played a great game at Saskatoon and Winnipeg. Watch him at the coast!

Hayes, Herman: End, weight 160 lbs. Herman is another going concern at the end position, in spite of being a Senior Science man. He rose to the heights of fame through the medium of interfac. rugby. Can be depended upon to get his man.

Driscoll, Dan: Sub-quarter or end, weight 158 lbs. Dan is a versatile native-born athlete, who got his early training at Separate High. Interfac. rugby gave him his start, and now he has proved a power on the seniors.

Wilson, Ad: Ad is a newcomer on the team. He tips the scales at a bare 155 lbs., but this doesn't bother him at all in his position at end. Ad learned his rugby in the southern city.

THE NEXT STEP

The possibility of an annual East and West battle for the Canadian Intercollegiate Championship grows stronger every year. When the Western Intercollegiate Union was formed two years ago, Eastern papers reported it fully and were notably ready to predict the organization of a Canadian Intercollegiate Union.

Critics who have witnessed university games in both Eastern and Western Canada this season assert that the older colleges are not demonstrating any great margin of superiority. Moreover, intervarsity football is always popular with the followers of the game.

Certainly the formation of a Canadian Intercollegiate league is inevitable; how far distant it is, however, cannot be easily stated. It is to be hoped that this ultimate Union will come quickly for the general benefit of the great game.

SPORTING SLANTS

To laud any particular player in the two games played away from home would be a grave injustice. Each one played his particular position flawlessly.

If it had not been for the line the backfield would never have been able to score in the manner they did. This section of the team moved away the opposition time and again, and in the pinches held to a man. It was the line which stopped Manitoba's threat for a second touch. Every member of it hit hard and was a deadly tackle.

The secondary defence in Shandro, McCallum and Runge formed the wall from behind which Timothy came to make his memorable 60-yard run at Saskatoon. These three mucked up many of the enemy's plays and put a real punch into the game.

In spite of a soaked ball and a sloppy field, Shandro showed his ability in the backfield at Saskatoon. He proved to have the surest pair of hands in both games, an almost indispensable asset where aerial attacks were the feature.

No college story could ever depict any thrill equal to the one Captain Fred Hess gave 5,000 Manitoba fans when with five minutes to go he picked a Manitoba onside kick out of the air and fled 110 yards for the winning touch of the game.

Who says the Varsity team hasn't "it"?

The writer will never forget those few hours on Monday as the reports were coming into The Gateway office... We were weak with the excitement when the final words came through. We weren't in condition for the strain of such a finish.

Incidentally, the editor will never forget the expression on the countenance of a popular member of the faculty who followed the game word by word throughout the afternoon. When the wire came, "Hess runs 115 yards for a touchdown"—well, he demonstrated appreciation at least.

It is a tired bunch of rugby players we see around the halls these days. Two bitter games in three days is a strain on human material that does not wear off very easily. The boys gave all they had at Manitoba.

Alberta's coming trip to British Columbia is arousing interest in

The Rugby Union And the Hardy Cup

By Lloyd Reynolds

If you take any interest in rugby, you know that there exists at present an Intercollegiate Rugby Union. Even if rugby doesn't interest you, you probably know anyway, for who can escape some knowledge of this all-important game? The Union as at present constituted consists of teams from the three western universities: Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. But, as the poet sings, "it was not ever thus." Just how and when did this league come into being? For many a long year our rugby team played only in the provincial league and against such other teams as could be enticed into a game. During all this time the ideal of an Intercollegiate Rugby Union was kept in mind. The first actual suggestion was made by the University of Manitoba in 1925; but it was considered too much of a financial undertaking, due to the long train journeys necessary by the competing teams.

Not until one year ago last March was it finally decided to take the step, and the new Rugby Union formally came into being. Much thanks in this connection is due to Dr. E. A. Hardy, Professor of Agricultural Engineering in the University of Saskatchewan, who was one of those chiefly responsible for its organization. To start the league off right, Professor Hardy donated the handsome cup which bears his name, as a trophy for annual competition. It is a splendid cup, almost as large as the Cairns trophy. They will certainly look very nice sitting side by side among our already extensive collection of silverware.

This young league, then, has seen only one playing season, that of last year. As far as financial results go, the faith of the founders of the Union seems to have been justified. Last year Manitoba and Alberta practically broke even, while Saskatchewan lost a very little. This year the crowds have been larger, if anything, than those of last year, and there is every reason to hope that there will be a surplus in the treasury. That intercollegiate rugby is a powerful drawing card was clearly proven by the fact that the two largest crowds we have had this fall were at the Manitoba and Saskatchewan games.

As for the fate of the Hardy Cup, you know what happened last year. Manitoba, with a remarkably strong team, swept the league by winning all of her four games, and carried the 'up home in triumph. Alberta was forced to content herself with two victories over Saskatchewan. This year the situation was reversed.

BASKETBALL CAPTAIN



GLADYS FRY

After winning glory in Track, "Glad" is settling down to the task of leading her Ladies' Senior Basketball team to the Western Canada Championship again. The girls had tough luck in Track, but we know they can hold the basketball trophy for another year. We're out for another championship, Glad!

Eastern Canada. The Toronto Globe points out that after Alberta and McGill have both met British Columbia, a very definite basis of comparison for Eastern and Western University rugby can be reached. McGill is expecting to play in Vancouver during the Christmas vacation.

Victorious Team Out For More Laurels At Pacific Coast

Senior Rugby Squad Will Leave on Monday for Two Exhibition Games With University of British Columbia—November 21 and 24

Having encircled the Hardy Cup with a wreath of green and gold, Varsity's brilliant rugby squad are scheduled to leave Monday night for the Coast in an attempt to further enhance the lustre of their present record. Although nothing is at stake, in view of the fact that the University of British Columbia is not a member of the Western Canada Intercollegiate Union, the rugby enthusiasts of the west will be very interested in the outcome of the encounter since it will be a basis of comparison between the brands of rugby played on the coast and on the prairies.

Despite rumors to the effect that several of the players, notably Prittie and Timothy, would be unable to make the trip due to injuries received in the last two games, an interview with the manager discloses the fact that every member of the squad will be in shape to don a uniform in the initial encounter next Wednesday.

The boys have been resting up after their arduous trip to the east, but turned out again to practice last night. A report circulating that the team would engage in an exhibition game with the Eskimos on Saturday is without foundation.

On Monday night the boys will entrain on another long journey under the guidance of Coach Wally Sterling, arriving in Vancouver early Wednesday morning, where they will be welcomed by the University of British Columbia. They are unfortunate in that they have to play the same day that they arrive after a thirty hours trip. Two days layoff and the teams tangle again in the final struggle, which will likely be

the last game played by the locals this season. On Saturday evening, November 24th, the boys will set out on the return trip and will reach home Monday morning.

Although Varsity is fielding the strongest and best trained team that she has ever presented, it must be borne in mind that U.B.C. has walked away in the Coast League. Rugby at the Coast has been making remarkable progress in the last few years, according to all reports, and there is little doubt that the games should furnish some excellent rugby. The University may well feel proud of her 1928 rugby machine, and may rest assured that it will acquire itself worthy of our traditions.

The squad that will represent the Varsity will be chosen from the following:

Halves—Timothy, Runge, Shandro, Hess, Prittie, McLean, Hill; quarter, McDougall, McCallum; snap, Hall, Huxley; insides, Siebert, Thompson, O'Brien; middles, Brown, Barnett, Menzies; ends, Hutton, Hayes, Wilson.

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"NEVERMORE"

By The Raven

Once more we have taken part in a service to honour the nation's dead. During the very impressive ceremony the thought that is uppermost in our minds is that of sorrow for the country's loss of her sons, their sacrifice, and the cry is in our hearts "never again." At the same moment Germans, French, Americans and British were thinking of their dear ones. If we could have seen the bowed heads of relatives of the dead of enemy countries, who of us would not feel a pang of remorse and a sense of the futility of such a carnage. They and we bound by ties of sympathy, although their dead fought ours, recall expressions of hate hurled at each other and see the beast we nourished in our breasts.

An international situation arose which gradually and surely entangled the nations in its meshes, each people under the impression that it was fighting a war for the sake of its very existence. It seemed that the battlefield was the only place where men could come together and compose their differences. There was no court to whom the aggrieved parties could appeal. The law of every country bans settling a quarrel between two navies by means of fistfights, yet the leaders of the foremost countries of the world came to the conclusion that their quarrel could be settled only by artillery and bombs which would undo the labour of centuries, by bayonet charges which would compel a man to transfix another if he would save his own life (though perhaps but for a few hours), by torpedoes which would at one fell shot roll over on the side and finally sink liners, the carriers of the nations' food and the epitome of man's progress in engineering and commerce, and by wholesale slaughter of those who by nature had no feelings but those of kindness to people called "the enemy."

No nation was sensible enough to brush aside the old claims of dignity and honour, none courageous or far-seeing enough to sacrifice its immediate interests for the cause of humanity, and none conversant enough with economics to see that victor and vanquished alike would suffer dire consequences. No church except one or two small bands was consistent enough to whisper to the people the gospel for which they all stand. Reason, humanity and decency were

put to flight by the torrent of lies and words of hate fabricated by those whose office it was to lash the people into nationalist fury.

Ten years ago a disillusioned world witnessed the signing of the armistice. "Nevermore" was its cry. Yet, given time to forget the intensity of our experience, we hesitate to banish war from our thoughts, countenancing raids of our governments on defenceless lands, becoming suspicious of other countries, doubting that they are as averse to war as we. Commercial entanglements appear, shareholders demand protection for their property in foreign lands and treasuries budget for more of the nations' hard-earned wealth to be spent on bombs, torpedoes, and poison gases. Disorder in the economic world leaves millions of men out of work—despondent and miserable, ready to forget their previous determination and to give their lives again—an easy sacrifice, some would tell you.

Now is the time to check the flow of these ominous forces, to set our minds towards the establishment of world peace, and play our part in the making of public opinion. Foreign secretaries can make peace treaties; but they can make lasting ones, without reservations and in a spirit of trust, only when they have the backing of the people.

We may be assured that public opinion in other countries is not lagging behind that in Canada—witness the radical disarmament proposals in the Danish Parliament, Germany's readiness to enter upon negotiations, the Peace Letter in Great Britain and its counterpart in Germany, and the Kellogg Pact. Though perhaps not a very sincere move on the part of the Foreign Secretary, it was in response to a demand of the citizens of America, that she should make a move in the direction of arbitration.

An international court vested with full authority to deal with the most powerful recalcitrant states is required and that will come when nations decide to be law-abiding citizens of the world.

Let this be our legacy to future generations, the final establishment of peace, and may the eleventh of November always be remembered as the first day of a new era.

Companionate Marriage

When David, in the days of old, Went out to meet Goliath bold He used—or so at least I'm told—A little sling.
A potent thing
To lay opponents low.
But now, when David, careful, coolly, Uses the sling on crowds unruly It doesn't work so well.
(So at least the co-eds tell
All who listen to 'em.)
Anyhow it stands to reason—
Let who will brand this as treason—
We're living in an advanced age
That speaks of "car" but not of "carriage."
"Companionate" precedes all "marriage."

Likewise—though this isn't new—
Each one should judge what they would do
After his or her graduation,
Whether to use cool calculation
In choosing one to be a mate,
Or take them on approval
Subject to removal
Before it is too late.
If they displease—
'Tis evident that the arrivals
Of six or seven little devils,
Most potent hostages to fate,
Proclaim the marriage is for ever,
"Companionate" goes to the river.
At least by some this fact was said
That then the pair were "legal wed."
But listening to all the discourse
The argument neatly shows
One theory was a bit the worse,
But which—and why—nobody knows!

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RADIATORS

By M.E.C.

In last week's Gateway a very learned gentleman gave us a short commentary on the subject of alarm clocks. May I be permitted to write about radiators. Someone asks, "What radiators?" I am speaking about the radiators in the rooms of the Residents. Where are these radiators? Why under the windows of course, and in many cases under a window encased by a bed, when the bed is high enough to cover the ugly object.

Do you understand your radiator? If you do, you are a wonder. I have long give up trying to make mine behave itself.

It is a very obvious looking brown animal with a silver head and a little black nose which protrudes from its neck.

On cold days in the early fall it is very obstinate and refuses to work. In no way can you persuade it that you are cold and it should be radiating the desired warmth. You twist the little black knob. You say soft words to it, such as ducky, darling and pet. But all in vain! You tempt it with wet towels, socks, collars, but still it refuses. The supper bell rings and you leave, praying that it will behave itself in your absence.

You return. The room is full of steam. Something is burning. You grab your collars. They are ruined, yellow, and burnt. You tear your hair. You say nasty names to the frothing beast, but it only boils up in fury and kicks and spurs at you. You try to shut it off, but the persistent animal refuses until you give its neck a twist with a wrench. And then it has the nerve to back-fire for half an hour.

You go to the Wauneita reception to the men. You return with sore

feet and whirling head. You forget the old cold radiator and fall into the land of slumber.

It is six o'clock. Your bed has only suffered under your limp weight for four short hours. The morning breeze is blowing in over your deeply locked eyelids. The perfume of the autumn air greets your nostrils. You are in heaven. The dance is over. Your feet are no longer treading the rough highway to the tune of Ramona. All is so peaceful, so quiet.

The scene changes. Then the low beating of a drum is heard in the distance. It is monotonous. You try to shut it out of paradise. But it keeps creeping in. The angels look at one another in surprise. The noise grows louder. The low rumbling changes to thunder. The heavens begin to open. Bang! crash! crash! bang! You cling to your fellow angels. Heaven must be turning, surely not into—The earth seethes. Your head feels as if it is splitting. There is a deafening crash. You are awake.

The room is heavy with frozen steam. Water is running in an even pool towards your bedroom slippers. You jump out of bed and slip on an unforeseen orange peel. You rise into the boiling stream. You rise in a hurry, and grabbing the little black knob twist it angrily. The head of the beastly animal burns your hand. You give a piercing shriek.

Doors open! Your door opens! You are forcefully lifted from your feet by willing hands, and carried to the bath tub. You feel the cold water. And then they leave you. But you only turn over in your new marble bed.

In a few moments they return. They look at you. Then some kind hand inscribes upon the door the "Order of the Bath."

"Reserved for 12 hours. Please do not disturb. This man is radiator mad."

Laugh, Clown, Laugh!

By Lerov

The following story, which has often been told, is said to have been the inspiration of the popular song of the above name.

A quiet-looking man was ushered one day into the private office of a prominent London doctor. The visitor's face was strained and melancholy, and his whole appearance gave the impression that here was a man unhappy to the point of abject misery.

"What can I do for you?"

"Doctor, I'm the victim of a hopeless and unexplainable case of melancholy. There is nothing wrong with me physically. I have no financial, mental, or martial troubles, but I'm simply and absolutely out of tune with life. I am continually obsessed with a sense of the futility of existence, and life has become a burden which daily grows more irksome and intolerable. Why should it be? Can't you do something for me?"

"My dear man, there is nothing wrong with you. All you need is a rest. Forget your work for a few days and take it easy."

"I have tried that," came the hopeless reply, "but it did absolutely no good. The idle hours only gave me more time for morbid reflection, and I went back to work in the throes of the blackest melancholia."

"Well, forget your worries for a time. Go ahead with your work and amusements and life in general as if you had nothing in the world to worry about."

"But doctor, I have no worries in the world, as I told you—except this damning misery."

"Leave town for a few days; leave behind you the rush and turmoil of London, and go to some quiet seaside resort. There, I have no doubt, you will be restored by the soothing hand of nature."

"Sir," the visitor quietly replied, "I have just returned from a two weeks' holiday at the sea, and I feel just as before."

Puzzled, the doctor pondered the case a moment. Then, struck by an inspiration, he cried, "I know! Acting today at the Hippodrome theatre is Bodini, the world's most famous clown. He will cure you! The magic of his humor would convulse with laughter the Sphinx itself. There indeed is the cure for your trouble. Go to Bodini, my friend! He will make you laugh!"

The client raised his head, and a slow smile, sadder than tears, came slowly to his lips.

"Doctor," he said, "I am Bodini."

Meteoric Showers

By G. N. P.

Upon the arrival of the month of November astronomers again turn to the matter of meteoric showers. These showers occur at intervals throughout the year, but our most brilliant displays occur in November. The Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wis., predicted for Thursday of this week an unusually bright shower of the Leonide meteors.

Shooting-stars are very often seen during the night, but only in unusual instances do they occur more than one or two in a minute. Astronomy has set their velocities between ten and forty miles a second. Their distance when observed ranges between and sixty and a hundred miles from the earth. In general, meteors are consumed before they reach the earth, since at such high speeds through the atmosphere the heat due to friction converts them to dust.

At the time of a shower their numbers not only increase, but observation indicates that their paths when projected backward pass through, or very near, a common point in the sky called the radiant point.

The Leonids have their radiant in the constellation Leo. The position of Leo is such that the Leonide meteors are seen only in the early morning hours.

On November 14 of each year the earth touches the orbit of the Leonids, and on November 15 a bright shower of meteors occurs. In 1833 and 1866 splendid displays were seen, and again in 1898 and 1901, though of a less remarkable nature. This is explained by the fact that the meteors are not scattered uniformly along the orbit. Hence once in thirty-three years a brilliant shower occurs when the earth and the meteors reach the intersection of their orbits at the same time.

The Leonids move in an elliptic orbit. It was discovered that these meteors traverse the same path as Tempel's comet of 1866. The discovery points out the theory that comets are captured by the planets of our solar system. Conjecture says that the comet tails have been scattered in space and the remainder of

the material continues in the original path of the comet. The Leonids have been shown to have been captured by the planet Uranus in 126 A.D.

The second of our two most conspicuous showers occurs on November 24. This shower, called the Andromids, has its radiant in the constellation Andromeda and as a result is seen in the early part of the night. The Andromids overtake the earth in its orbit, and every thirteen years when our skies fairly glisten with bright streaks as the meteors plunge into our atmosphere.

The Andromids move in the same path as Biela's comet. It is generally considered now that the comet is just a bright member of the group of bodies that travel that orbit.

Though meteors are small bodies of matter, yet they have certain effects on our solar systems. With the aid of mathematics astronomers have ascertained that meteors tend to resist the rotations and revolutions of all bodies which come under their influence. Their greatest effect, however, is to gradually increase the size of the planets. The slow process of accretion of meteoric material is building up the planets through the ages. Here there is the possibility that at one time this capturing of meteors may have proceeded at a very much faster rate, and as a result constituted an important factor in the growth of planets from smaller bodies.

"THE LOG OF A RADIOMAN"

THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

By Percy A. Field

Although I have passed through the Panama Canal eleven different times, the first trip which I made in 1924 has left the most vivid impression upon my memory. Even now, as I sit at my desk some thirty-five hundred miles north of Panama, I have only to close my eyes, and my imagination will carry me back to those tropical scenes where everything is green all the year round. There is something enchanting in that memory. Perhaps if my reader will close his eyes, he, too, can wing his way swiftly with me to that spicy isthmus beneath the southern sky.

On a beautiful October afternoon we glided slowly out of the harbour of San Pedro, California, and nosed our way southward. For twelve days and twelve nights we continued steadily onward, beneath cloudless skies and over a glassy sea. There were times when, away to the westward, a glimpse of the coast of Mexico, or of one of the Central American States, brought to mind the stories of Cortez and the Spanish buccaners; or served to remind one that these were the very waters over which Sir Francis Drake had once waged war against those same Spanish mariners. There were times when schools of porpoises swam and frolicked about the bow of the ship; when shoals of flying fish flashed over the waves like silver darts; when flocks of pelicans winged their way in a dark line across the horizon; and when gulls, like sentinels, perched themselves upon the backs of huge turtles which floated lazily upon the surface, apparently oblivious to everything taking place about them.

On the morning of the thirteenth day we rounded Cape Mala, and in the afternoon we wound our way between several islands which guarded the approach to the City of Panama. I shall never forget those islands! Apart from the Island of Anticosti, which I had passed some fourteen years earlier, they were the greenest, and certainly the most beautiful, that I had ever seen. Coconut palms leaned out over enchanting lagoons; huge ferns, banana plants, and shrubs with palm-like leaves, grew upon the hillsides which sloped back from the water; lovely flowers grew in profusion, and birds with brilliant plumage flitted and sang among the trees.

We passed on, and soon the City of Panama came into view. The City itself was given a pleasing setting by the beautiful green hills in the background, and the bright blue waters of the Bay of Panama at its front door. This effect was enhanced by the great Royal Palms which lined the streets, and by the gay red roofs of the buildings, which, altogether, merged into a scene which would delight the eye of any artist.

After the usual questioning by the Customs and Immigration officials, we proceeded up the Canal. The Miraflores and Pedro Miguel Locks were soon passed, and then we commenced our trip through the famous Culebra Cut to Gatun Lake. The Canal had been originally the Chagres River, and it was along this stream that we were now proceeding. It almost seemed as though we were gliding along some virgin bayou. Large palms leaned out toward the ship. Palmettos, and other tropical vegetation, vivid in its greenness, lined the banks. Gayly coloured birds and beautiful flowers mingled among the ferns. An occasional alligator, sunning itself on a warm rock, would wake up from its sleep to gaze with surprise at the

approaching ship, and then would slip hurriedly into the water. Sometimes the vista of a native hut, with thatched roof, and surrounding hedge of pink oleander, would open itself to our delighted gaze. Altogether, it was a continuous panorama of tropical scenery until we reached the Gatun Lake. Here the speed of the ship was increased, and we soon glided into the Gatun Locks, where we were lowered to sea level. Just at dusk, we approached the combined cities of Colon and Cristobal, where we remained long enough to take aboard a supply of fresh fruit and vegetables; and then, just as the dark cloak of night settled down over the water, we bade farewell to the pilot and to the boat which carried him ashore.

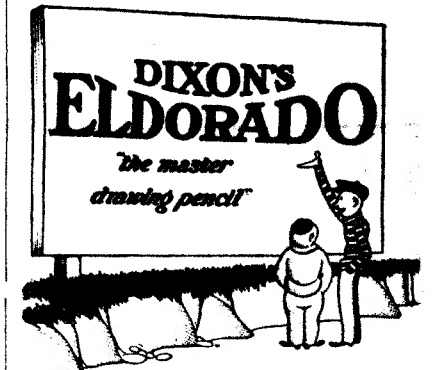
I have never departed from Cristobal at night, by water, without the scene leaving its indelible impression upon my memory. It was so on this occasion. As we slowly glided away, the lights of the City seemed to merge into a myriad of twinkling stars. Away to the southwest, the great light on Point Toro blinked on and off, for all the world like the eye of a monstrous owl. At the apex of the breakwater, another twinkling light cheerfully guided us onward. Straight astern, like two long rows of soldiers, a thousand tiny lights guarded the pathway for incoming mariners. And then, as the lights of the city faded from view, and the Point Toro light became a sweeping arc across the horizon, the red and green lights of a fast fruit liner cut a line through the darkness, until finally it, too, disappeared, leaving only the twinkling stars, and a rising moon, to keep watch over us as we rode gently over the heaving bosom of the Caribbean.

S.C.M. MEETING

Mr. H. R. C. Anson, S.C.M. Secretary for Western Canada, will pay U. of A. a visit next week, and expects to stay from Nov. 20th to 23rd inclusive.

Harry is a most interesting exponent of the new point of view in fundamental things in student thought.

The newer and more vital question, "What Shall I Do With My Life?" as contrasted with the older "What Shall I Do to be Saved?" will be his topic at a meeting to be held on Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 4:30 p.m., in Arts 212.



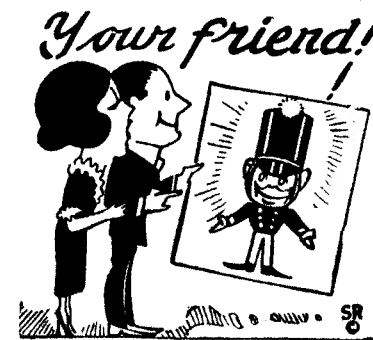
Damon—

"What was the name of that pencil Professor Williams was recommending this morning?"

Pythias—

"Eldorado — my boy, Eldorado! Just think of a fabled land of ease and happiness—where no one flunks—where pencils are the magic sticks of achievement. Then you can never forget it."

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AGGIES STAGE BIG, GLORIOUS EAT FEST

Dr. Wallace, Dean Howes, Prof. Bostead, Perrin Baker and Others Speak

It's all over but the shouting, and that won't die for many moons. What a goose! And that Captain Kidd menu—fascinating, enticing, but so confusing. One freshman and two faculty members were found to have three spoons left when the smoke cleared away. Really the way the boys handled those cigars was astonishing!

The way Art McCalla, Stan Thomson and Jack Hopkins proposed the toast shows they know their temperance. Glasses clicked "Our Province" from every lip. Responded to by Hon. Perrin Baker—guess we are proud of our Alberta now, even if he did not add to the long list of assets the Green and Gold Rugby squad. Glasses clicked again, "Our University." "Our University puts a stamp on its students, a stamp that is carried to the four corners of the earth," so said Dr. Wallace. This time a clearer ring of glass (the punch was getting low), "Our Faculty." Dr. Newton, in a fitting reply, left no shadow in even the most doubting mind that the greatest co-operation exists between faculty and students.

Joe Barrett, Edmonton's well known after dinner song leader, furnished an important element of the evening's festivities.

High Lights

The toastmaster with his watch on the speakers.

Dr. Wallace wondering if those telegrams were faked.

Prof. Bostead making away with cigars.

Dean Howes elucidating on his success with the fair sex.

Hon. Perrin Baker still liking banquets.

Deputy Minister Craig placing a cigar to his nasal appendages.

Art Kindt running out of nursery rhymes.

A freshman apologising for coming from Calgary.

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Medical Justice Was Given To Axes, Pigs and Roosters

Mr. Jaffray, at Philosophical Meeting, States That Modern Prison System is Not Satisfactory—Asserts That Imprisonment Does Not Protect Society

At a very well attended members' meeting of the Philosophical Society last Wednesday evening, a most interesting address was given by Mr. Jaffray, on "Fashions in Punishment."

In this lecture the speaker dealt with the various modes of atoning for sins employed from remote ages to the modern period. He cited many very interesting cases of punishment in mediaeval times; but, while considering the present methods good in comparison, he maintained that much improvement could still be made in fashions in punishment.

The speaker said that it was a mistake to associate physical punishment with all uncivilized states. There were some in which it was unknown. Those that did adopt it were dominated by fear. They desired to appease the gods.

Punishment was not limited to people. Animals and even things were punished by the church or state. In Athens an axe was tried for injuring a man. It was found guilty, and sentenced to be thrown over a cliff. In 1474 a pig in England was sentenced to hang. In the same year a rooster was charged with laying an egg. He was found guilty and burned at the stake. When an animal was arrested it was thrown into jail with the people. The jailer charged the same for boarding a pig as he did for boarding a man.

The condemned were put to death most cruelly. During the reign of

Henry VIII boiling people was not uncommon. Some were put to death by being pulled to pieces by horses.

Imprisonment, he said, was a modern punishment. Previous to the nineteenth century people were only kept in jail while awaiting trial. Conditions were horrible: all prisoners were kept together regardless of health, sex, or age.

The speaker then dealt with conditions as they exist in our Canadian prisons today. The buildings are modern and built for adequate sanitation. The food is good, and the prisoners are in good health.

Conditions are, however, far from satisfactory. Young men who are serving short terms associate with hardened criminals. They learn about crime, and come out worse than before.

The statement frequently made that imprisonment of criminals protects society was criticised by the speaker. He argued: "Since two-thirds of the prisoners are 'repeaters,' and since there are as many criminals coming out of the penitentiaries as there are going in, how then does imprisonment protect society?"

The meeting was then thrown open for discussion.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Jaffray, and the meeting adjourned.

HOUSE LEAGUE B.B. TO BEGIN MONDAY

Ten Teams in Competition—Wally Sterling Will Coach Senior Boys

On Monday next House League Basketball will get under way for another season. Manager Jack McLurg has ninety-odd fellows rarin' to go under his supervision. There are ten teams, with these captains: Bentley, Russel, Cairns, McShane, Holmes, J. C. Hide, Hawkins, V. Gowan, McBeth, and McNab. Talent is fairly well balanced, the teams having been chosen partly by selection of captains and partly by lot. Many close encounters should be forthcoming, and a greater-than-ever amount of senior material should appear. Who says basketball is losing its rightful place in the realm of Varsity sport?

Senior Basketball

It may be a week or two yet before the more experienced lads begin dropping the pill through the iron hoop, but when they do get going, watch for another Western Canada Championship! As soon as the invincible rugby team returns from its western pleasure jaunt, Coach Sterling, who has worked wonders on the grid, will take to the basketball floor to coach the Seniors. And when they begin to play Sterling basketball, there'll be no stopping them! Place your bets now, boys! You can't make a safer investment!

INTERFAC. SOCCER FINALS TODAY, 4:30

Pharmaceut-Theologs Play Aggies for Interfaculty Championship

On Friday at 4:30 o'clock the final of the interfaculty soccer league will be played. The two teams competing will be the Pharmaceut-Theologs vs. Aggies.

The regular league schedule has been completed with the following results:

Aggies, 6 points.
Pharmaceut-Theologs, 3 points.
Science, 2 points.
Arts-Com-Law, 1 point.

The Aggies have gone through the league without a single defeat marked against them, while the Meds have been defeated once and have drawn once, but as the first team plays off with the second they are still in the running. This promises to be an interesting game, as both have well-balanced teams.

Increased interest in soccer around the University is quite evident. Four teams took part in the league this year, each having an abundance of players. The faculties of Agriculture and Science each fielded a team without having to draw from outside sources. The league may not have been a first-class affair, but if it keeps on improving it will be before many years.

The senior team also had a successful year, winning two games and losing none. This team, with a little coaching, would be on a par with any in the province. A few men on this team play first league football during the summer, while several others are almost ready for this.

The faculty of the field crops department have issued a challenge to any team in the University. This has been accepted by two teams, one from the third year Aggies and the other a picked team. The picked team will play the challengers on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

STUDENT FORUM

Dr. Wallace will meet the Student Forum on Sunday, Nov. 18, at 9:30 a.m., in Arts 135. Topic—come and find out. Getting up early for it will be well worth while. All students welcome.

RUGBY MANAGER



ROY THORPE

To whose efforts is largely due the unqualified success of this year's rugby season.

FACULTY JOTTINGS

German Library

Students of German who bemoan the fact that there are at present no German books in the Stack Room have a pleasant surprise in store for them. A German library is being accumulated by Professors Owen and Coar of the Department of Modern Languages. The nucleus of this library consists of books donated by Professor Coar; additions are constantly being made, and it is hoped that the collection will ultimately reach two thousand or more volumes. These books will become the property of the University Library and will be subject to its regulations, but will be housed in the office of the German Department, A-204.

Exchange Lecturer

The system of exchange lectures, so popular in the past, will be continued this year. The first one promises to be of unusual interest. Dr. Osborne, head of the French Department in the University of Manitoba, will arrive in the city on Nov. 22nd. He will deliver a lecture to the students at 10:30 that morning in Convocation Hall, during which period all lectures and laboratories will be suspended throughout the University. His subject is: "A Challenge to the Youth of Canada." This topic should be of vital interest to all students, and I am sure that we shall pack Convocation Hall to the doors. During his stay here Dr. Osborne will also meet the various classes of the French Department.

Noted Visitor

Another noted visitor of the near future is President Sherwood Fox, of the University of Western Ontario. President Fox will be in the city the last week in November, accompanied by Dr. Curtiss, of the Medical Faculty of the same University. This visit is all the more interesting as President Fox, like our own President, Dr. Wallace, only very recently became head of a University. He was installed on October 19th, at which ceremony the University of Alberta was represented by Dean Kerr, of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences.

MATH. CLUB

From 4:30 to 5 on Tuesday tea was served in A-239 to old and new members of the Math Club. With a few well-chosen words, Dr. Sheldon called upon Dr. Campbell to address the club. Dr. Campbell welcomed the new members, and then presented his subject, "Tables," in an interesting and instructive manner. After discussing their value, he explained how "tables" are compiled, viz., by continuous processes and interpolation. He had several types of tables on hand, and discussed the Logarithmic Tables of LaCroix and Ragot at some length. Many confessions from the members supported the belief of Dr. Campbell that Antilogarithmic tables are unnecessary.

Dr. Sheldon, Prof. Morrison, Prof. Cook, Mr. Galbraith, Mr. Rosborough and others took part in the discussion that followed.

At the next meeting of the club Prof. Morrison will be the speaker. His topic, though not definite, will likely be "Operators."

Eileen-A-Bawn

They offered me then
A crown and a throne
And a kingdom that stretched
From the Seas to Athlone.

But rather I chose
The little stone cottage
Beside the green lawn,
The bowl of hot pottage
And Eileen-a-bawn.

She is fair as the sunset
And wild as a fawn;
And a voice like a wood-thrush
Has Eileen-a-bawn.

For who would be happy
Behind wall and gate
With discord and warrings
On matters of state—
When by a lakeside
A cottage of grey
And a green strip of lawn
Through the wintry day,
And a maid so beguiling
With laughter and smiling
As Eileen-a-bawn.

So away from the city
Ere yet it is dawn
To the cot by the lakeside
Eileen-a-bawn.

A. W. MATTHEWS NEW CHAMPION

Defeats J. McDonald in Final of Faculty Golf Competition

The Faculty Golf Championship was decided on Wednesday, November 7, when A. W. Matthews met and defeated J. McDonald 2 up and 1 to play in the final match. Matthews had to give McDonald five strokes during the match, and he therefore had to extend himself to win. A nice 38 on the last nine shows the kind of golf he was shooting. McDonald was right on his game also, and his prospects for a win were bright at the turn, when he was one up. He couldn't keep up the pace, however, on the second nine, and fell before the faultless golf of his opponent.

McDonald started out well by winning the first hole with his handicap stroke. From this time on the advantage seemed from one to the other, until the ninth. Again at the ninth McDonald put himself one up with his stroke.

They halved the tenth, and McDonald was still one up. But after this Matthews began to play his best game, and by the end of the fourteenth he was leading by three holes. Coming to the sixteenth Matthews had McDonald dormie three. But McDonald shot par five to take the hole, leaving Matthews two up. Both played excellent golf on the seventeenth, but in spite of McDonald's best efforts, Matthews halved the hole with him in par fours, to end the match.

VERY SIMPLE

"Yes," said the timid passenger to the aeroplane pilot, "I understand I'm to sit still and not be afraid and all that, but tell me, if something happens and we fall, what do I do?"

"Oh, that's easy," said the pilot. "Just grab anything that we're passing and hang on."—Boston Transcript.

Rugby Players' Reception

Students striving,
Train's arriving.
Players coming back.
Crowds are yelling,
Volume swelling,
All along the track.

Procession forming,
Cars are swarming,
Falling into line.
Voices singing,
Loud cheers ringing,
Everything is fine.

Crowds a-roaring,
Rouse the snoring
People from their beds.
Windows raising,
Folks all gazing,
Stretching out their heads.

Pennants streaming,
Headlights gleaming,
Claxton's blaring forth.
Big trucks rumbling,
Engines grumbling,
Shake the very earth.

What's the reason?
In this season
Varsity has won.
Great rugby playing!
All are saying,
"Varsity, well done."
—H. McMILLAN.

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UNIVERSITY WILL TRAIN TEACHERS

Certain Courses in School of Education Will be Counted Towards M.A.

Definite arrangements have recently been completed between the Department of Education and the University, as a result of which the latter is to assume entire responsibility, beginning with the session of 1929-30, for the professional training of those candidates for the teaching profession who hold academic degrees.

Attention is called to the fact that certain courses which will form an obligatory part of the professional training may be offered in part fulfillment of the requirements for the Master's degree. Students, therefore, while carrying on this professional work will also be enabled, at the same time, to overtake a part of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts, the balance of the requirements being accomplished later. Other students already holding the academic certificate may also, by taking certain of these courses, have them counted towards the Master's degree.

Candidates proposing to take their courses, either with a view to the academic certificate or the M.A., or a combination of both, are requested, at their earliest convenience, to hand in their names to the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences.

CHEM MEETING

At the next meeting of the Chemical Society, Wednesday, Nov. 21, Mr. C. L. Lehmann will speak on "Dyes and Their Application to Textiles."

Mr. Lehmann has been associated with Edmonton's largest dyeing establishment for several years, and is a keen student of his subject.
Tea will be served in M-136 at 4:30 p.m.

RINK MANAGER APPOINTED

The Students' Council has appointed Bruce Massie, Law '29, manager of the covered rink for the session '28-'29. It is expected that the rink will be fit for use in a few weeks, despite the prevailing warm condition of the weather.

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